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# ORIGINAL POEMS

ON

RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS;

BY

*K*  
THOMAS T. BIDDULPH. A. M.

*Fer super astra Deum: jungantur cymbala plectris;*

*Dulcibus et resonent terra polusque modis.*

*Fer super astra Deum, quisquis vitalibus auris*

*Vesceris! ergo Deo laus sit, et omnis honos.*

JOHNSTON. PSALM. VLT.



• R. N. T. •

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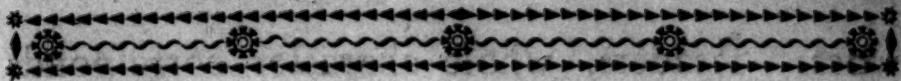


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## P R E F A C E.


VARIOUS were the incidents, which gave birth to the following compositions; some of which have occasionally appeared in a magazine. They now form a collection, and are presented to the Public, not with a view to acquire fame, but to diffuse the favour of vital Christianity in the world. Their subjects indeed are so deeply serious, and the doctrines they inculcate so unfashionable, that the brilliant talents of a Dryden or a Hayley, if thus employed, must have failed of admiration; and, like the lily of the valley, blossomed in the shade. To the faithful few evangelic truth, in whatever dress, always appears with captivating charms. Others there are, whose attention will sometimes be arrested by a line of poetry, while they are deaf to the glorious voice of the Bible. And the victims of sorrow are often happily disposed to give a candid reception to those counsels and instructions, which offer a sovereign balm for all their



## P R E F A C E .

woes. Readers, whose character corresponds with either of these descriptions, are here peculiarly addressed. May the dew of Heaven descend on these feeble labors, and bless them to the spiritual improvement of many souls !





# ORIGINAL POEMS

ON

## RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

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### Redeeming Love.

Sweet are those hours, my God, when taught by Thee  
My thoughts find shelter from this stormy sea,  
The world: where billows of o'erwhelming care  
Are bounded by that dismal shore, despair;  
Where never-dying souls, to comfort lost,  
For ever wander on the dreary coast;  
Nor find, nor hope as now to find, a close  
To days and years of never-ending woes.  
Tremendous boundary of life's career!  
Must years of pain succeed to days of fear?  
Must life's short joys (if dreams deserve that name)  
End in eternal sorrow, pain, and shame?  
O folly, madness of the human mind,  
To seek what God hath said, it ne'er can find!  
The world looks fair; the gilded covering's thin;  
And all is misery and want within.

Hear, careless soul; the Bible sounds thy knell,  
(Awful the sound!) "Eternity in Hell."

Eternity! what means that word? you say.

Eternity is that to life's short day,

Which ocean's vast, immeasurable strand

Is to a single particle of sand.

O who can dwell 'midst realms of endless night,

Where dire despair excludes hope's cheering light?

The soul, once cheated by an empty name,

The votary of pleasure, wealth, or fame,

There undeceiv'd, where knowledge can't avail,

Now finds, by sad experience wise, how frail

The world's fine promises of bliss; too late

Taught wisdom by the heavy hand of fate.

Methinks, the voice of some damn'd soul I hear,

Sounds full of horror thus assault mine ear;

"O for one drop of water to assuage

"This burning heat, this fire's incessant rage!

"O for one drop of Lethe, to forget

"Past scenes, that now torment me with regret!

"O world, world, world, thy promises were lies!

"Is this the bliss I sought, the glitt'ring prize,

"For which to fruitless toil and care I've giv'n

"The precious, precious moments lent by Heav'n.

"O for some death, to kill this worm within,

"Too just reward for days and years of sin!

"O conscience, conscience, could I part with thee,

"Ev'n Hell would almost seem an Heav'n to me.

"When will these torments end? where shall I find

"One gleam of hope to cheer my tortur'd mind?

"Annihilation is my last request.

"O hide me from thy frown, and grant me rest!

“ Ah, no ! the will of Heav’n——  
“ Hark ! the clock strikes, reflection’s dismal bell,  
• “ (The only clock that ever strikes in Hell !)  
“ What does it say ?—FOR EVER”——

Thanks to that grace, which shew’d my feet the way  
From this world’s wilderness to realms of day.  
All praise to Him, who taught me to forego  
Pleasures, that terminate in endless woe.  
Glory to God the Paraclete, who came  
To teach my heart the praises of the Lamb.

O let me swim in this unbounded sea,  
The dying love of Jesus Christ to me !  
In this unfathom’d ocean of delight,  
Let me for ever sink ; \* till depth, and height,  
And length, and breadth I find with saints above ;  
And know, what can’t be fully known, His love !

Bless’d be HIS name, who lov’d our ruin’d race,  
(O wond’rous myst’ry of redeeming grace !)  
b E’er yet the mountains rose, or ocean heard  
Her bounds appointed by th’ Eternal WORD :  
E’er yet the sun began to rule the day,  
Or the pale moon had shed her milder ray :  
Long e’er man drew his sinful breath, ev’n then  
His sweet delights were with the sons of men.  
Ev’n then our bliss engag’d th’ eternal mind ;  
The covenant was made, the contract sign’d :

B 2

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\* Eph. iii. 18,

b Prov. viii. 22—31.



All praise, all glory, ever blessed THREE,  
By saints and angels be ascrib'd to Thee !

O who can trace the period, when this love  
In the Redeemer's breast began to move ;  
When first He undertook our wretched cause,  
Engag'd as man t' obey His Father's laws :  
As man to die, and shed His precious blood,  
T' atone for sin against Himself as God.

In the appointed time the Savior came ;  
Love was his errand, Jesus was his name.  
° He, before whom archangels bow'd with awe,  
Whose will among the hosts of Heav'n was law ;  
He, who had reign'd from everlasting days ;  
Who spake, and worlds sprang forth to shout His praise ;  
Whose nature and perfections could not know  
Increase or diminution from below ;  
(As to the sun no light the glow-worm gives :  
As, tho' the planetary world receives  
Its splendor from the sun, that orb so bright,  
Feels no decay from its expence of light) ;

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° In these days of rebuke and blasphemy, when the Godhead of our Savior is publicly opposed and denied, it may be proper to direct the Reader's mind to some positive passages of Scripture, in which the above assertions are confirmed by words written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Ps. xcvi. 7. comp. Heb. i. 6. John i. 1, 2. Col. i. 16. Rev. v. 16. Isai. vi. 5. comp. John xii. 41. Isai. xlv. 6. comp. Rev. xxii. 13. The Reader, who wishes for farther confirmation of this momentous subject, will meet with it in Jones's Catholic Doctrine of a Trinity ; and Horæ Solitariae, vol. I.

He left the lucid seats of endless day;  
 In the dark womb the world's Creator lay.  
 He, who is justly the Jehovah styl'd,  
 \* Was found in human flesh, an helpless child;  
 • Like sinful man, <sup>f</sup> but holy, undefil'd.  
 The glorious Ancient of eternal days,  
 • Who dwelt in light's intolerable blaze,  
 Laid His bright robes of radiant glory by,  
 And deign'd as man to live, as man to die.  
 According to the gracious plan of Heav'n,  
 \* "To us a Child is born, a Son is giv'n."

"But where? and how?" Important questions these.  
 "Say, was He born in affluence and ease?  
 "Was some grand palace for His advent rear'd?  
 "To welcome Heav'n's great King a throne prepar'd?  
 "Say, did His parents rule o'er wide domains,  
 "And sway the sceptre of extended plains?"  
 No. He was born in penury and want:  
 Our world could nothing but a stable grant  
 To Him, who made it. There our Jesus drew  
 His earliest breath, conceal'd from human view.  
 But Angels recogniz'd th' incarnate God;  
 And quitted for awhile their blest abode:  
 On rapid wing thro' yielding air they came,  
 And hail'd their Maker's birth with loud acclaim.

B 3

\* 1 Tim. iii. 16.

• Rom. viii. 3.

f Heb. vii. 26.

• 1 Tim. vi. 16.

\* Isai. ix. 6.

Not so the sons of men; they knew Him not:  
 Far other things engag'd their busy thought.  
 Him they rejected as the meanest slave,  
 The Lord of Glory, born their souls to save.

“How did He live, while here? admir'd and lov'd,  
 “Prais'd and ador'd by all where'er He mov'd?”  
 No. He was scorn'd, rejected, and pursu'd  
 With hatred by the world His pity woo'd.  
 Yet was His heart most kind, and fully bent  
 ' On doing good to all, where'er He went.  
 Love mark'd His footsteps wheresoe'er He trod,  
 And miracles proclaim'd the present God.

He, whose almighty fiat Heav'n fulfills;  
 \* Whose are the cattle on a thousand hills;  
 The fish, that navigate th' unbounded main;  
 The forest beasts, and flocks on ev'ry plain;  
 He, nature's Lord, experienc'd, while on earth,  
 The want of things to which His pow'r gave birth.  
 Full well He knew what thirst and hunger mean,  
 And all the infirmities which men sustain.  
 † A few poor women with their pittance try'd  
 Their love to prove; and, as they could, supplied  
 The wants He felt; the rich His name abhor'd,  
 And pour'd contempt on their incarnate Lord.

“How did He die? men surely, blind before,  
 “Then saw His worth, and humbly bow'd t' adore.”

† Acts x, 38.

\* Ps. l. 10.

† Luke viii. 2.



No. As in life, so also in His death,  
Sinners on earth combin'd with fiends beneath  
With ranc'rous hate from ev'ry vein to pour  
His precious blood, and stain their hands with gore.  
Yes: men His hands had made, who breath'd His air,  
Who ow'd their daily comforts to His care;  
Men, whom He came to rescue by His blood  
From endless wrath, and reconcile to God:  
These doom'd and nail'd Him to th' accursed tree,  
And sported with His pangs and agony.

In this sad tragedy had I no share?  
Yes, O my soul! thy sins He came to bear.  
I sharpen'd ev'ry thorn, that tore His head;  
The pangs He bore, He bore them in my stead;  
I twin'd the cords, that bound Him to the stake,  
And form'd the ruthless wire, that plow'd His back;  
The rugged nails that fix'd Him to the tree,  
Tho' driv'n by Roman hands, were forg'd by me;  
My sins did vigour to that arm impart,  
And forc'd the spear, that pierc'd Him to the heart;  
Tho' other hands my Savior crucify'd,  
T'was in my stead the glorious Suff'rer dy'd.

■ O! let me look on Him my sins have pierc'd,  
And mourn, in seas of pungent grief immers'd!  
O! let me weep for Him, and Him alone,  
As some sad father for an only son!

B 4

O ! let my bowels never cease to move,  
And yearn with gratitude for dying love !

If you regard th' incarnate God, as slain  
By cruel hands of unrelenting men ;  
The picture's gloomy, and with deep concern  
From such a tragic scene you well may turn.  
But if your eye pervade the whole design,  
You'll see bright traces of the hand Divine :  
" How mercy mild, and sweet benignity  
With justice stern unite in harmony ;  
Wisdom, and pow'r, and love combine to raise  
Our wonder high, and tune our hearts to praise.  
'Twas Heav'n's offended majesty, that laid  
Our load of guilt on His immac'late head.  
According to the predetermin'd plan,  
He dy'd as surety for the debt of man.  
As such, God's justice plung'd the righteous sword  
Full in the bosom of th' incarnate WORD.  
These streams of mercy took their rise above,  
From the deep fountain of eternal love.

• Sing, O ye Heav'ns ; thou earth's remotest bound,  
From all thy caverns echo back the sound :  
Ye mountains, forests, ev'ry tree therein,  
Lift up your voices, and the song begin.  
Our God is glorious, for His work is done ;  
Salvation's finish'd by th' eternal Son.

The bond is cancell'd, all our debts are paid,  
 The law fulfill'd, the hand of justice stay'd.  
 Justice itself admits the sinner's plea;  
 And joins with mercy, crying, "set him free."  
 That law, which doom'd the soul to endless woe,  
 Now cries, "enough, loose him, and let him go."  
 ¶ Who shall charge any thing to man's account?  
 Has not Immanuel paid the whole amount.  
 'Tis God that justifies, who shall arraign?  
 If the believer's lost, Christ dy'd in vain.  
 He rose, ascended, and now sits on high,  
 At God's right hand enthron'd in majesty;  
 There pleads our cause, our Advocate with God,  
 Off'ring, as newly spilt, His precious blood.  
 Lo, at his chariot wheels are captive led  
 Sin, Satan, Hell, and Death the king of dread.  
 O! shout His praises, all ye heav'nly choir;  
 Louder, yet louder strike th' immortal lyre.  
 Let the redeem'd from earth the chorus swell;  
 Sing how He sav'd your ruin'd souls from Hell:  
 His free, His rich, His glorious grace declare;  
 Let ev'ry note more sweetly fill the air;  
 Till all His saints below, and all above,  
 Fall at His feet o'erwhelm'd with dying love.

God's great design's complete; the work is done;  
 The Father rests delighted in his Son.  
 Whoever will, may come, and taste the stream  
 Of full salvation flowing from the Lamb.



Come then, ye poor, ye wretched, and ye vile,  
 On you, e'en you the sinner's Friend will smile.  
 Hear, how He calls you : <sup>a</sup> " hasten to my breast,  
 " Here you shall find your everlasting rest :  
 " Come unto me, ye heavy laden souls ;  
 " For you the river of salvation rolls :  
 " Thousands have drank, thousands are drinking still :  
 " For you these waters flow, come all that will.  
 " Fear not t' impoverish life's copious well, '  
 " The more they're drank, the more these waters swell.  
 " Stay not to fit yourselves, or robes prepare ;  
 " You're welcome, lep'rous, loathsome as you are :  
 " The blood, that issu'd from my open'd veins,  
 " Shall wash away your foulest, deepest stains :  
 " You're naked ; but my robe of righteousness,  
 " Which my own hands have wrought, shall be your dress.  
 " Thus wash'd, no spot the keenest eye shall see,  
 " Tho' justice search with strictest scrutiny.  
 " Thus cloth'd, your robes of pure unblemish'd white  
 " Shall far transcend angelic robes of light :  
 " (Their righteousness is creaturely at best,  
 " You in my own obedience shall be drest.)  
 " Thus wash'd, thus cloth'd, you may approach my bar,  
 " Nor doubt of finding full acceptance there."

Thou, who hast felt affliction's keenest dart  
 Long fix'd and rankling in thy bleeding heart ;  
 Jesus alone has pow'r to draw it thence ;  
 He only can the healing balm dispense :

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<sup>a</sup> Matth. xi. 28.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. xxxvi. 9.

In Him experience, pow'r, and skill Divine  
With matchless love and tenderness combine.

Ye poor, whose cheeks are wash'd with tears of woe?  
To Him, your friend, in full assurance go.  
'The Lord of Glory spreads His liberal store  
Of richest wines and cordials for the poor.  
His hand's munificent; His heart is free;  
You'll not miscarry, *for He pitied me.*

O all ye rich, ye learned, great, and wise,  
Who pour contempt on Jesu's sacrifice:  
Ye, who reject our Lord with proud disdain,  
Counting His blood unholy and unclean:  
The world's your own, its wisdom, wealth, and fame;  
Let me but hear my Savior's charming name:  
Your glories I esteem but dung and dross,  
While I can lowly sit at Jesu's cross.  
Here let me sit, and love, and weep, and smile,  
And thus the tedious hours of life beguile;  
Till He, the sinner's gracious Friend, shall come  
To take a blood-bought, love-sick Pilgrim home.

Why do the thoughtless sons of men refuse  
The Savior's offers, and His grace abuse?  
Alas, they're strangers to themselves and Him,  
Dead to eternity, alive to time:  
Sinai's tremendous flames they never saw,  
Nor heard the thunders of the fi'ry law.  
Tho' impotent they're crush'd before the moth;  
\* Conceiv'd in sin, and heirs of future wrath;

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\* Pt. li. 5. Eph. ii. 3. Ps. lviii. 3. Isai. xlviii. 8.

Tho' born transgressors from their mother's womb;  
 Impenitent, they fear no wrath to come.  
 Such is fall'n man, rebellious, deaf, and blind:  
 No terrors can appal his callous mind:  
 Tho' in God's word he reads his guilty state,  
 Yet he trips gaily on the brink of fate:  
 (Like one, born blind, that ventures on the cliffs,  
 Where ' Vincent's rock to Heav'n its summit lifts;  
 Tho' danger threatens, and tho' ruin's near,  
 On the dread brink he stands, devoid of fear;  
 Or thoughtless on his giddy footsteps go  
 Unconscious of the gaping gulph below.)  
 The silver trumpet sounds; it sounds in vain:  
 He treats the friendly message with disdain:  
 Tho' God has deign'd to speak in ev'ry page  
 His love to man, he turns away in rage.  
 (\* Just so of old the Syrian Captain heard  
 With angry discontent Elisha's word:  
 Tho' easy were the means prescrib'd for cure,  
 And tho' the remedy was safe and sure;  
 Yet he, too proud to wash in Jordan's streams,  
 Vainly of Abana and Pharpar dreams;  
 Disdainful turns from Israel's healing wave,  
 And scorns th' advice the friendly Prophet gave.)  
 The sick alone need the Physician's art;  
 Christ loves the broken, not th' obdurate heart.

Thanks to that Pow'r, which op'd mine eyes to see  
 My need of Christ, and that He died for me.

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\* St. Vincents Rocks near Bristol.

† 2 Kings v. 10, 11.



And now what have I farther to request,  
 But faith to lean more sweetly on His breast ;  
 For only there my weary soul finds rest.  
 Why should I wish to live, but Christ to love ?  
 Why fear to die, since Jesus lives above ?  
 Or why desire a long continuance here,  
 But to His praise some monument to rear ?  
 The world's a wilderness, a tearful vale,  
 And man th' historian of the gloomy tale :  
 Incessant sorrow, like a river, flows ;  
 And sighs add strength to ev'ry wind that blows.  
 Hark, in yon region, where my Savior dwells,  
 His name the rapturous Hosannah swells :  
 There happiness is found without alloy,  
 There flows the spring-tide of unmingled joy :  
 No sorrow there distends the panting breast,  
 The aching heart there finds a perfect rest.  
 O may I reach at last that happy shore,  
 And praise redeeming love for evermore !

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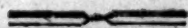
A Clergyman's Reflections on hearing the Bell  
 toll for one of his Parishioners.

**H**ARK, O my soul, yon bell's tremendous sound  
 Is heard thro' all the silent welkin round ;  
 It speaks the solemn, much neglected call ;  
 In accents loud it speaks to thee,—to all.  
 The sound should spread alarm thro' ev'ry heart ;  
 But mine should feel the most distinguish'd part.

Another soul, escap'd from earth's abode,  
 Is borne triumphant to the throne of God;  
 Convey'd by angels to the realms above,  
 Where saints made perfect chaunt the song of love:  
 Or, cast indignant to the shades below,  
 Where Tophet's caverns echo shrieks of woe:  
 Where conscience harrows up the guilty soul;  
 Where flames sulphureous rage without controul;  
 Where fell despair her endless empire keeps;  
 Where joy is never felt, where anguish never sleeps.  
 Awful alternative! of endless joy,  
 Or pain without a close, without alloy.  
 Strike, awful sound! on mine attentive ear  
 Let ev'ry breeze th' important lesson bear;  
 Let me forget the trifles of an hour,  
 Eternity engross my ev'ry pow'r!  
 And leave no room for aught to enter here  
 But godly jealousy, and filial fear.

Another soul remov'd from earth, to dwell  
 With God in glory, or the damn'd in Hell!  
 No more my warning voice his ears shall hear,  
 To him no more my lisping tongue shall bear  
 The joyful message from the court of Heav'n,  
 Of peace with God restor'd, and sin forgiv'n.  
 My tongue! hast thou been faithful to declare  
 God's total counsel without shame or fear?  
 My heart! hast thou been rais'd on wings of love,  
 In supplication to the throne above?  
 Have I fulfill'd the faithful shepherd's part?  
 Had I my brother's future weal at heart?

O should he meet me at the bar of God,  
 \* And on my conscience lay the guilt of blood !  
 The vital warmth grows chill thro' all my veins ;  
 O ! wash me, blood Divine, from all my stains !  
 But should he meet me in that day of days,  
 And tell it to the dear Redeemer's praise,  
 That I was made the instrument of good,  
 While preaching Jesu's all-atoning blood ;  
 Then love Divine shall fill my raptur'd soul,  
 And grace, triumphant grace shall found from pole to pole.



### Lines addressed to a Young Person.

**S**HORT is the date of sublunary joys ;  
 The ev'ning low'rs, soon as the sun-beams rise.  
 Short is th' uncertain life of helpless man ;  
 His days how justly liken'd to a span !  
 He's born—he grasps some shadow as it flies ;  
 But, ere he grasp the shade, the grasper dies.  
 O think not then that beauty's fading flow'r,  
 Or earthly grandeur's unsubstantial pow'r,  
 Or human wisdom's flatt'ring aid can save,  
 Or ransom their possessors from the grave !  
 Not daring Philip's more audacious son  
 Escap'd the tomb, tho' Earth was all his own.  
 Silent is now the tongue, which Kings obey'd ;  
 Reduc'd to dust the hand, which sceptres sway'd.

\* Ezek. iii. 18.

J. Alexander the Great.



Poor Cleopatra, queen of all the shores,  
 Where Nile his fertilizing water pours;  
 Fair was thy form, and vast thy short-liv'd state,  
 (Short-liv'd is all the world calls good or great);  
 Tho' Anthony resign'd the world, and gave  
 To rust his conqu'ring arms, and bow'd thy slave;  
 Tho' pleasure open'd her extensive stores,  
 And India's treasures blest'd th' Egyptian shores;  
 All, all was vain:--the aspic's poison'd bite  
 Sent thy despairing soul to endless night.  
 O covet then no help, that earth can give;  
 Aspire to realms, where joys eternal live:  
 Let earthly pleasures ne'er thy mind controul;  
 Nought short of God can satisfy the soul.  
 The time is hast'ning, when this world so fair  
 Shall fill with smoky volumes all the air;  
 Earth's gaudy toys shall greet our eyes no more,  
 The sea be dry, and burnt th' extended shore.  
 'To hills and rocks in vain shall sinners fly;  
 But those, who live in Christ, shall never die.  
 They then shall meet their Savior in the air,  
 Shall hear His sweet, harmonious voice declare,  
 "Come, all ye blessed of my Father, come,  
 "Come to my arms, your everlasting home."

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### A Fragment.

**S**TUPENDOUS Grace! my soul, amaz'd and fix'd,  
 Stands gazing at the wonders of my God.  
 Angels ador'd, with shouts the morning stars \*  
 Their anthems rais'd, when at the birth of time

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\* Job xxxviii. 7,

Arrangement beautiful and order flow'd  
 From the chaotic mass : but most of all  
 When man, of wonders chief and most admir'd,  
 Elab'rate specimen of sov'reign art,  
 Image of his Creator, crown'd with light,  
 With wisdom, beauty, dignity, and love,  
 Half human, half Divine, stood forth to view !  
 But his recovery from death to life,  
 From sin to holiness, from Hell to Heav'n ;  
 Recovery from principles, which pride  
 And self infus'd, to those which actuate  
 Angelic hosts above—the love of God ;  
 Effected too by means astonishing  
 To earth, and heav'n, and hell—the wond'rous cross :  
 This tun'd angelic harps to higher notes.  
 Creation's work was great : but greater far  
 God's last great work ! *There* matter's pliant mass  
 Mov'd in submission to its Maker's will :  
 No obstacles oppos'd ; no law t' obey,  
 Whose rules by awful sanctions are secur'd,  
 Changeless as that the Medes and Persians rul'd ;  
 No sin to cancel ; and no crimson dye  
 To wash away ; no justice to appease.  
*Here* ev'ry obstacle, law, justice, man.  
 \* Zerubbabel appears ; the mountains fly,  
 The tow'ring craggy rocks become a plain,  
 Rough becomes smooth, and crooked places straight.  
 The promised salvation of our God  
 All flesh hath seen : the Sun of Righteousness  
 With healing wings is ris'n——

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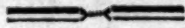
\* Zech. iv. 7.

## A Review of Life.

**I**N this uncertain scene of changing things  
 To Thee I look, unchanging King of kings !  
 Thy wisdom, pow'r, and goodness I adore ;  
 Thy vengeance deprecate, Thy grace implore.  
 Thy pow'r and wisdom form'd my wond'rous frame ;  
 And from Thy breath th' immortal spirit came.  
 By Thee sustain'd in being from the womb,  
 Thy goodness fav'd me from an early tomb :  
 A thousand favors mark my passing days,  
 And ev'ry rising sun Thy love displays.  
 Wretch that I am ! how has my will rebell'd  
 Against that mercy which my soul upheld !  
 How have my vile affections left my God !  
 In folly's maze my wayward footsteps trod.  
 Untaught by precepts, and unaw'd by fears,  
 Unmov'd by all Immanuel's groans and tears,  
 Harden'd against Thine all-prevailing grace  
 I liv'd, and thus defy'd Thee to thy face !  
 On the thick bosses of Thine awful shield  
 Thoughtless I rush'd ; to all Thy threat'nings steel'd,  
 Fearless of death, and everlasting wrath.  
 So flutters round the flame the silly moth.  
 So at the bait the river's tenants fly,  
 Swallow the fatal hook, then bleed and die.  
 Why am I left a cumb'rer of the ground ?  
 Why am I still, where pardon may be found ?  
 Only because Thy mercy cries, " forbear ;"  
 And bids th' uplifted ax the cumb'rer spare.



Since mercy, suited to my various wants,  
 Including all, for which my spirit pants;  
 Free as the air, that fills Heav'n's azure fields;  
 More precious than the gold Golconda yields;  
 Mercy, extensive as the solar beams;  
 And welcome to the soul, as Horeb's streams  
 To Israel's fainting tribes; since grace so free,  
 So rich, and plenteous, is vouchsaf'd to me;  
 O let my heart, my lips, and life declare  
 Thy boundless praise! O may I wholly bear  
 Thy sacred image! Let me ever prove  
 The gracious record true, that "God is Love!"



### An Epithalamium.

**A**LL hail, auspicious morn! may blessings great  
 As Heav'n in this fall'n state bestows on man;  
 Countless as dew drops on the spangled thorn,  
 The stars in yonder studded vault above,  
 Or sands on yon immeasurable shore:  
 May blessings, welcome as th' approach of day,  
 And friendly roof to the lost traveller,  
 Be thine!

Ye wedded pair, for whom my soul beats high  
 With ardent love and vows of happiness,  
 May this long wish'd for day be fraught with bliss;  
 Such as a fight of native shores and hills  
 Yields the tir'd mariner, who long has plow'd  
 The boist'rous deep, expos'd to winds and waves

'Midst burning suns, or winter's biting frosts.  
 Long have ye felt the pain, which banishment  
 From all the soul holds dear, occasions; long  
 Your hearts have felt the pangs of dire suspense,  
 Of hope delay'd, and expectation vain.  
 As one, long exercis'd with pain and grief,  
 Chain'd by disease whole days and tedious nights,  
 To his once lov'd, but now detested couch,  
 Sicken'd by nauseous draughts and bitter pills,  
 Greets the return of health, th' approach of joys  
 And pleasures long unknown, now doubly priz'd,  
 Their value much enhanc'd by sad reverse:  
 So may the clouds, which long have overspread  
 Th' horizon of your joys, brighten the more  
 The cloudless sky of this illumin'd morn!  
 Long may you live t' enjoy the benefits,  
 Which Heav'n indulgent gives; may each new day  
 Be mark'd by good receiv'd, and praise return'd!  
 Long may you see your children's children rise  
 Like fruitful olive-branches round your table!  
 May peace and plenty make their fix'd abode  
 Within your walls! What shall the Muse say more?  
 Bliss may you prove as exquisite as that,  
 Which Junia and your friend have long enjoy'd!  
 May fair Andronica, like Junia, charm;  
 And Hermas see like Persis, and admire!

Permit the Muse, a friend to wisdom's lore,  
 To whisper into each attentive ear  
 Some needful truths. Fools hate to hear her voice;  
 The wise will listen to th' unheeded call.  
 Man was not born for earth; the present state

Is not his rest. 'Tis madness to expect  
 To taste th' unmingled cup of joy below.  
 The earth itself is destin'd to the flames;  
 And yonder beauteous sky, our eyes behold,  
 Destruction sure awaits: all earthly things  
 Alter, decay, and hasten to their end.  
 Such is the will of righteous Heav'n. But man,  
 Short-sighted man, blind as the earth-born mole,  
 That makes her darksome dwelling in the ground  
 Impervious to the sun's enlight'ning ray;  
 Man dreams of perfect happiness on earth,  
 Erects his fabrick high of tow'ring hopes,  
 And builds his nest, as if to last for ever.  
 But who, that's wise, would build upon the wave,  
 Or trust his weight unwing'd to yielding air?  
 Ne'er let my friends forget th' approach of death,  
 The op'ning grave, and that eternal world,  
<sup>b</sup> To which we're hast'ning, carried down the stream,  
 The rapid stream of time, as the light cork  
 On Niagara's rushing cataract.  
 The keen edg'd scythe, the tyrant monster wields,  
 Must soon divide asunder, and dissolve  
 The strongest earthly bonds and human ties.  
 How wise to seek our rest beyond the grave;  
 The city, whose foundations stand unmov'd  
 On everlasting hills! by faith and love,  
 The cement that unites the soul to Christ  
 (The sure foundation, the tried stone, the rock  
 Eternal as th' existence of a God)

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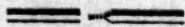
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<sup>b</sup> The Bride lived but eighteen months after the date of the above.  
 "Prepare to meet thy God."



To join ourselves to Him that dies no more,  
 Make Him our portion, and our all in all.  
 O ! may my friends to Him themselves devote ;  
 On their lov'd heads may God the Spirit pour  
 The consecrating oil ! Their all be His,  
 Who bought them with His precious, precious blood !  
 O ! may they give their all, their wealth, their life,  
 Their soul and body, into those blest hands,  
 Which once were nail'd to the accursed tree !  
 As a true shepherd of the fold, may he  
 With faithful diligence, and tender zeal,  
 The sheep, the Lord commits unto his care,  
 Lead to green pastures of eternal love ;  
 Hard by the streams, that issue from the throne  
 Of God and of the Lamb ! May rich success  
 Attend his efforts in the cause of God !  
 Together may they labor to diffuse  
 The precious favour of Immanuel's name :  
 He the kind father of the helpless flock ;  
 And she th' indulgent mother : till at last  
 The Judge shall bid them welcome to his throne.

O Thou, who once wast present, while on earth,  
 At Cana's marriage, with Thy presence blest  
 This solemn season, and Thy servants here !  
 Our earthly blessings sweeten with Thy love,  
 And turn, O turn our water into wine !



### An Epistle to a Friend under Affliction.

'MIDST Heywood's shades, conceal'd from human view,  
 These lonely hours I dedicate to you.

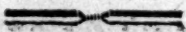
Condemn'd to absence from the friend I love,  
 My gloomy mind enjoys the gloomy grove.  
 Gloomy the breeze, that plays around my head;  
 Gloomy the moss-clad turf, on which I tread;  
 Gloomy the rill, that murmurs at my feet;  
 Gloomy the eglantine, that shades my seat;  
 Gloomy these flow'rs, which shed their sweets around;  
 Gloomy yon mountains, which my prospect bound;  
 Gloomy the strains, the feather'd warblers sing;  
 Gloomy each rising beauty of the spring:  
 Yon hoarse-ton'd rooks their notes with these combine,  
 Their strains alone are consonant with mine.

My soul, with thine united and made one,  
 Feels all thy woes, and makes them all her own:  
 Thy tears are mine; thy sighs my bosom heave;  
 In all thy tend'rest griefs thy brother grieves.  
 Think not his kindred mind can cease to join  
 In sympathetic unison with thine.  
 No! ere firm friendship cease to warm this heart,  
 May the cold dust enwrap this mortal part!  
 Till life's elastic pow'rs shall cease to move,  
 I'll still solicit Heav'n for one I love.

" But why these kind professions? you can't dry  
 " The briny tears, that bubble from mine eye.  
 " You can't suppress the sigh that rends my breast;  
 " Nor lull the sorrows of my heart to rest."

'Tis true: Great Comforter! descend, and bring  
 Sweet consolation's wave from Horeb's spring!  
 O! point the mourner to the page Divine,  
 Where comfort stands confest in ev'ry line!

O let the promise written there with blood,  
 ' " That all things shall co-operate for good,"  
 Still be his refuge in this vale of tears,  
 His griefs remove, and dissipate his fears !  
 Give him for heaviness the oil of joy !  
 Let praise to Thee our ev'ry hour employ !  
 Let our whole lives Thy loving-kindness tell,  
 Convinc'd that Jesus has done all things well. <sup>a</sup>



### A Meditation during a Season of mental Trouble.

**W**HY absent from my soul, thou God of love ?  
 Why do thy chariot wheels so slowly move ?  
 On the swift winds strong pinions borne, descend ;  
 This blue ethereal with thy presence rend !  
 Hasten o'er hills of sin to my relief ;  
 Break down the bars of pride and unbelief !  
 Oh ! let my soul thy gracious smile enjoy,  
 That grateful love may all my pow'rs employ.

In moments past thy goodness I have felt ;  
 But now the spark of life's obscur'd by guilt !  
 Thro' the dread load enormous sins have rear'd,  
 The whispers of thy love are scarcely heard.  
 (Yet, gracious Savior, like the plaintive dove,  
 I mourn at times my loss, as sick of love !)

---

<sup>c</sup> Rom. viii, 28.

<sup>a</sup> Mark vii. 37.



My heart is colder than the frozen zone ;  
 Thou Sun of Righteousness, and Thou alone,  
 Canst thaw the icy chains, which bind that heart ;  
 Dissolve the snow, and bid the frost depart.  
 Ah ! how unlike the snow my guilty soul,  
 Which neither love can melt, nor pow'r controul !  
 Betwixt myself, and those in hell I see  
 This only diff'rence, Jesus died for me.

Harder than rock of stone, or solid brass,  
 My heart resists the efforts of thy grace.  
 \* Yes, the rocks heard, when the Redeemer groan'd,  
 His pow'r confess'd, and all his goodness own'd ;  
 Their massy substance felt Thy dying words :  
 But no repentant sighs, my heart affords.  
 Yet, Lord, Thy pow'r can break this heart of stone,  
 Speak but the mighty fiat and 'tis done.  
 The love that brought Thee from the azure sky,  
 The love, which caus'd the Lord of life to die,  
 Can break the hardest heart, can melt ev'n mine,  
 And fill up ev'ry throb with love Divine.

Mine eyes, dear Lord, refuse their moist supply,  
 Yet glance on me one arrow from Thine eye,  
 Soon shall these eyes in streams of grief o'erflow,  
 And pour forth floods of overwhelming woe.  
 Backsliding Peter thrice deny'd his God :  
 † But Jesus look'd, and Peter wept aloud.  
 Thus may I weep in bitterness of soul ;  
 Till sin and self are lost, and Christ possess the whole.

---

\* Matth. xxvii. 51.

† Matth. xxvi. 75.

Still, Lord, I love Thee; Thou art ever mine.  
 My best belov'd, my Friend; and I am Thine.  
 Clasp'd in Thine arms, nor death, nor hell shall move  
 My best affections from the God I love.  
 \* Tho' hell's proud gates my garrison assail,  
 Hell's gates can never o'er my God prevail.  
 Strong in Jehovah's strength my soul shall stand,  
 Upheld and succour'd by his mighty hand.  
 † The everlasting arms beneath me lie :  
 In Jesus shall I live; in Jesus die.  
 † O Death, where is thy sting? thy triumph's o'er :  
 O Grave, thy boasted vict'ry is no more.  
 Vain are thine efforts to create dismay ;  
 Soon shalt thou waft me to the realms of day.  
 Soon shall I be where Jesu's love shall dry  
 Each grief-fraught drop, that bubbles from mine eye :  
 Soon shall I see in flames this earthly ball,  
 Shall mount to Heav'n, where Christ is all in all.

While 'midst this sea of troubles I am left,  
 Tho' of each sublunary joy bereft;  
 Yet on Thy word of promise will I rest,  
 As hangs the infant on the fost'ring breast.  
 Thy word shall be my castle, and my fort,  
 My sure foundation, and my strong support.  
 Tho' roaring waves, and billows round me war;  
 Still faith's strong sight shall eye the polar star.  
 Tho' whirlwinds threaten my frail bark t' o'erwhelm;  
 Jesus, salvation's Captain, guides the helm.  
 Tho' darkness often hide Thee from my sight,  
 No darkness from Thy love can disunite :

---

\* Matth. xvi. 18.

† Deut. xxxiii. 27.

† 1 Cor. xv. 55.

Soon shall Thy smile make light again t' appear,  
 And banish ev'ry doubt, and ev'ry fear.  
 Soon shall He steer my vessel to the land;  
 Himself with open heart and arms shall stand  
 To bid me welcome to the happy strand.  
 Soon shall I be where ev'ry storm is o'er;  
 Where devils, sins, and sorrows vex no more.

Yet, Lord, while in this wilderness I stray,  
 Open some wells of comfort by the way!  
 \* 'Midst Baca's dreary valley may I find  
 Some blood-bought dainties to refresh my mind!  
 May heav'nly manna on my head descend!  
 May Horeb's waters all my steps attend!  
 O! let me find Thy chearing presence nigh;  
 Lest tir'd, benighted, lost, I faint and die!  
 Where'er Thou art, is light, is Heav'n indeed;  
 If Thou depart the shades of death succeed.  
 Still let me near my heav'nly Friend abide,  
 Still closer walk by my Beloved's side:  
 Lean on His bosom, all His goodness prove,  
 The love of Heav'n, and the Heav'n of love.



Written at the desire of a Lady on the Death of  
 her Sister, who departed this Life in the  
 twenty-second year of her age.

AT your request, t' afford your mind relief,  
 I'll try to tune the lyre to notes of grief.



Bound to comply, when Junia deigns to ask ;  
 I undertake the painful, pleasing task.  
 Unequal is this pen to write, what you  
 May think to her sufficient honour due,  
 Whose loss we mourn, whose memory we love,  
 Whose steps we'd follow, and whose gain we'd prove.  
 But more unfit this stamm'ring tongue to tell  
 The praises of that grace, she sung so well ;  
 To speak of Him, who perfected the plan  
 Of Heav'n's designs to bless rebellious man.

But say, my soul, what secret springs inspire  
 Thy vent'rous hand to touch the sacred lyre ?  
 Can it be, sacrilegious thought ! to place  
 On thine own head the consecrated bays ?  
 No, vanish pride ! the glory all be giv'n  
 To Him, who reigns eternal King in Heav'n.  
 Who, rich beyond all thought, beyond increase,  
 Impoverish'd Himself for Adam's race ;  
 Stoop'd in the form of sinful man t' appear,  
 And on th' accursed tree our sins to bear.  
 No: on His brows, who bore for us the cross,  
 (For which our sister counted all things loss ;)  
 Those brows, which once were stain'd with purple gore ;  
 Which for us men a thorny di'dem wore ;  
 On those dear brows be plac'd th' immortal bays,  
 To Him alone belongs incessant praise.

Teach me, Eternal Spirit, how to write ;  
 Make me Thine instrument, do Thou indite.  
 What mortal pen is competent to trace  
 The works stupendous of almighty grace ?

Arithmetic, stand mute ! go, try t' explore  
 Th' innumerable grains on ocean's shore :  
 Go try thy skill on the nocturnal skies,  
 And count the stars, that nightly fall and rise :  
 Reckon the suns in yonder milky way,  
 Which scarcely reach our world with glimm'ring ray :  
 Should'st thou succeed, thy pow'rs would useless prove  
 To tell the wonders of redeeming love.  
 This mystery the heav'nly hosts admire,  
 While bright archangels tune th' immortal lyre.  
<sup>1</sup> Here Heav'n-born faculties, in deep surprize,  
 With fix'd attention gaze, and dazzled eyes ;  
 Till wonder, love, and praise their hearts inflame,  
 They louder strike their harps to Jesu's name.  
 Stop then, vain man, nor think thy grov'ling lays  
 Can ever heighten God our Savior's praise.

Could warm affection worthy strains inspire ?  
 Could friendship's pow'r convey poetic fire ?  
 Could sorrow tune the harp ? I then should sing,  
 Tho' ev'ry muse had drop'd the pensive wing.

Say, thou first Suff'rer in this mournful scene,  
 Who felt'st, if e're 'twas felt, affliction keen ;  
 Say, why demand a lay thine heart must feel,  
 And ope the wound, which time alone could heal ?  
 Yet we're allow'd to drop the tender tear  
 O'er the dear lovely faint's untimely bier :  
 For once the God incarnate deeply sigh'd,  
 And drop'd a tear, when much lov'd Laz'rus died.

---

<sup>1</sup> 1 Pet. i. 12.

Grace reigns supreme. From babes and sucklings  
tongues

The Savior's praise ascends in ceaseless songs.  
Our friend was young; but early taught to rise  
From earth her native land to distant skies:  
God's Spirit shew'd her willing feet the road  
From lying vanities, to real good.  
<sup>m</sup> She sold her all, and bought the sacred field,  
Wherein the pearl of value lies conceal'd.  
She sold her genius, beauty, health, and time;  
And counted all, but dung and dross for Him.  
Earth's choicest treasures prov'd but light and vile,  
Weigh'd in her balances with Jesu's smile.  
How first she heard the Savior's charming voice;  
How first her soul was fill'd with solid joys,  
She sung herself in notes so sweet in sound,  
Such strains of gratitude as mine confound:  
As when, in summer's strength, the glorious sun  
Eclipses with his light the paler moon;  
Or, as the stars their twinkling lustre hide  
Amidst the blazing day's meridian tide.

Early she learn'd in her great Prophet's school,  
What Apathetics never learn by rule:

<sup>n</sup> Learn'd to rejoice 'midst trouble's raging flood;  
<sup>o</sup> Baptiz'd with him, whose baptism was by blood.  
The flowing cup requires a steady hand:  
Few touch uninjur'd pleasure's magic wand:  
Few uninebriate drink the world's full bowl:  
Prosperity is dang'rous to the soul.

---

<sup>m</sup> Matth. xiii. 45.

<sup>n</sup> Rom, v. 3.

<sup>o</sup> Luke xii. 50.



She early learn'd from God's unerring word,  
 That 'twas her priv'lege to be like her Lord.  
 She found (convinc'd whate'er He sent was right)  
 His yoke delightful and His burden light.  
 His cross she cherish'd, bore the weight unmov'd :  
 (What can't affection do ?) His cross she lov'd.

Fair were the features of her favor'd mind :  
 Grace there produc'd its fruits of ev'ry kind.  
 As in a chrystal tube, place light within,  
 Tho' of that light the fountain be unseen,  
 Yet thro' the room that light its radiance spreads,  
 And on the various objects lustre sheds :  
 Thus while her heart the love of Jesus sway'd,  
 Her life and walk its sweet effects display'd.

You've seen the humble violets, that grow  
 Beneath the taller shrubs Divinely low :  
 Unostentatious they their beauties hide,  
 And shed their odours from the hedge-row side.  
 The modest flow'rs, with leaves their worth conceal'd,  
 Unseen by ev'ry eye their fragrance yield,  
 Unequal'd by the dy'd vertumnal field. }  
 Her truth, humility, and meekness shew'd  
 From what rich source perfume so heav'nly flow'd.

Oft have I seen her eyes with streams o'erflow,  
 The fruit of feelings few believers know :  
 While her Lord's presence thro' her soul has spread,  
 And open'd all the sluices in her head.  
 P The Christian Niobe thus kiss'd his feet  
 Doom'd to be pierc'd for her : with sorrows wet

In her own flowing hair she wip'd them dry :  
Great was her love : the hist'ry tells us, why.<sup>a</sup>

' As when of old the favor'd man of God  
'Midst Sinai's terrors in His presence stood ;  
And, while the Lord deliver'd down his law,  
Some glimpses of His matchless glory saw ;  
When to the camp he came, his count'nance shone,  
And beam'd in splendors borrow'd from the throne :  
Thus in her face Immanuel's sweetness seen  
Prov'd that the life of God was felt within.  
As from the fountain flows the limpid stream  
As from the sun proceeds th' enliv'ning beam,  
So in her conduct much appear'd of Him.  
Great was my privilege, (how ill improv'd !)  
To be so much with one whom Jesus lov'd.

Oft like the solitary bird of eve,  
Her most beloved earthly friends she'd leave,  
T' enjoy in solitude that peace of mind,  
Which thousands seek in crowds, but never find.  
Her closet was her Bethel. Jacob's God  
Vouchsaf'd to visit this His lov'd abode.  
Some glimpses of th' inestimable prize  
There did He open to her ravish'd eyes :  
The secrets of His wond'rous love disclose,  
The sov'reign antidote for human woes.  
Then could she say, inflam'd with holy fire,  
" What can I else in earth or Heav'n desire ?

<sup>a</sup> Luke vii. 47.

<sup>r</sup> Exod. xxxiv. 29, 30.

<sup>s</sup> Ps. lxxiii. 25.

" No other love shall my affections share,  
 • " Thou Fairest One among ten thousand fair."

Weep on, ye destitute, her worth ye know,  
 We cannot blame those silent tears that flow.  
 She was the benefactress of the poor :  
 Weep on, your patroness is here no more.  
 Say with what condescending grace she mov'd,  
 While hast'ning to the cottages she lov'd,  
 Say with what sympathy she heard your grief,  
 While pity pour'd the tear, that gave relief.  
 Oft have I seen her on some humble seat  
 Bend lowly at th' afflicted mourner's feet ;  
 And tell of Jesu's love, and Gilead's balm,  
 To soothe their griefs, and all their sorrows calm.

<sup>b</sup> Thus Enoch walk'd with God ; till angels bore  
 His soul and body to an happier shore.  
 Thus too she walk'd, until the God of love  
 Remov'd His blood-bought prize to realms above.  
 • Wash'd in His precious blood from ev'ry sin,  
 Spotless from guilt, and <sup>d</sup> sanctify'd within :  
 By His obedience sav'd from ev'ry fear,  
 • Rob'd in the dress, which all His servants wear :  
 Her accents these, " Lord Jesus, quickly come !"  
 Answ'ring He came, and took her spirit home.  
 There now releas'd from ev'ry pain and toil,  
 Her graces flourish in their native soil :

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<sup>a</sup> Cant. v. 10. 16.

<sup>b</sup> Gen. v. 24.

<sup>c</sup> Rev. vii. 14.

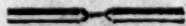
<sup>d</sup> Heb. xii. 24.

<sup>e</sup> Rev. xix. 8.



There she expatiates in the realms of day :  
 Free from the clog of gravitating clay :  
 There now she sees unvail'd her Savior's face,  
 And sings the triumphs of redeeming grace.

While in this land of exile we remain,  
 And sojourn on our threescore years and ten,  
 May we be hast'ning to the same abode ;  
 Walking by faith more closely with our God ;  
 Follow her steps, as she pursu'd her Lord,  
 His love our treasure, our support His word :  
 Till Jesu's welcome summons shall command  
 Our happy spirits to that blissful land :  
 Shall us to her, and her to us restore,  
 Where separation shall be known no more.



### Gethsemane.

**C**OLD was the dreary night,  
 And dark the welkin round,  
 When God our dear Redeemer lay  
 Stretch'd prostrate on the ground.

Deep were the groans that rent  
 His agonizing breast,  
 While all our num'rous sins and griefs  
 His sinless bosom press'd.

Large were the sacred drops  
 Of mingled sweat and gore,

Which thro' His threefold vestments flow'd,  
While all our guilt He bore.

O may I love Him much,  
Who groan'd, and died for me;  
And of His matchless, boundless love  
Sing thro' eternity !



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